Miss Rodaya Mr Bailey, F.E.B. Ainsworth

News Talk by Patrick Walton broadcast from Singapore Station on 11th November, 1941 at 10.05. Miss Broadhead

---

Midway Island is a long way from anywhere. Except as an American Pacific base and as a Clipper stop, there's not much to it. And it must be a very lonely place to be held up in. But at the moment Midway Island is harbouring a very distinguished guest. That guest is Mr. Saburo Kurusu, Japan's special envoy to the United States. I'm really very sorry that Mr. Kurusu should be having engine trouble in the middle of the Pacific. But maybe sitting on Midway Island he's been able to think of the engine trouble he may be letting the whole Japanese empire in for if he doesn't call his hand very low when he gets to Washington. He's got a chance - and it looks as though it may well be the last - of getting his country back into normal relations with the rest of the world. And he must be realising by now that his chance depends on whether he can pledge the return of his countrymen to normal civilised standards of international behaviour. It must be clear to him and his government in Tokyo by now that America and Britain won't stand for the line of gangsterism of which Japan ten years ago became the world's prototype.

I do hope the news service to Midway Island is good enough for Mr. Kurusu to have got a copy of Mr. Churchill's speech yesterday and to have read, marked, learned and inwardly digested it. I wish in fact, though maybe it's taking too much on myself, that Mr. Kurusu were listening to this broadcast. Because I want to recapitulate a bit of what Mr. Churchill said, and try to work out what it means to the man on Midway Island. First of all there are the Prime Minister's straightforward remarks about his own former efforts to promote good relations with Japan, of how he was an advocate of the Anglo-Japanese alliance forty years ago - that alliance which did so much to raise Japan among the great powers of the world. Mr. Churchill spoke of his sentimental affection for Japan and of his admiration for the

many gifts and qualities of the Japanese people. He mentioned the keen horror with which he would view a conflict between Japan and the English-speaking world.

But these words were not words of appeasement; Mr. Churchill made it absolutely clear that no sentimental feelings, no pleasant memories will keep Great Britain from joining - within the hour - with America in any struggle that Japan's militarists may provoke. Mr. Kurusu knows what's in the mind of those militarists, knows what they think they can get away with, knows what risks they are prepared to take.

But Mr. Kurusu has also been about a bit. He knows possibly better than some of the people back home in Tokyo who've sent him what Japan is facing ~~up against~~. If he's read Mr. Churchill's speech, he should have an even clearer idea to work on today. He should have taken note of the statement that Britain's naval position now permits the despatch of a powerful naval force of heavy ships with its necessary auxiliary vessels for service if needed in the Indian and Pacific oceans. If needed - that means, Mr. Kurusu, if you do the wrong thing. It's quite obvious that neither Britain nor America wants war in the Pacific, but it's equally obvious that they're fully prepared to face it, willing to face it rather than yield to an aggressor with a dirty record longer, if not blacker, than Hitler's own.

One naturally expects that Mr. Kurusu's instructions include one to get as much as he can out of America. But America too has very clear ideas of what she's prepared to let Mr. Kurusu carry away in his diplomatic bag. And if he thinks he'll get anywhere by working on an American fear of war in the Pacific, he'll take that bag home empty, except maybe for a declaration of the war that neither America or Britain fears. Its been said very often and very plainly that America bases her Far Eastern attitude on the treaties she has signed, with China, with Japan, with many powers whose territory or interests lie in this huge Pacific basin. America in fact believes in sticking to the principles of international law and good behaviour. If Japan wants her

friendship and the tangible results of that friendship - things like oil and steel - she's got to conform to those principles she has so long thought she could freely violate.

Japan claims she wants a settlement of what she's pleased to call the "China incident." America offers her one, a very simple one which will save Japan a lot of men and money. That solution is "Get out of China". Get out in fact of all those territories where you don't belong. Forget all the grandiose tub thumping demands like those produced the other day by the Japan Times, and live at peace with your neighbours. It's really ridiculously simple, and yet people complicate it by talking about loss of face. Would a looter be losing face if he handed back the swag to save himself the rope?

And it's come to that indeed. Japan need have no Nazi-fostered illusions about American attention being distracted by the struggle in the West, about the American Navy being weakened by her fight to preserve freedom in the Atlantic. That was Hitler's game, and he'll dearly love to see Japan swallow the bait and commit suicide to help to save his skin. But the British Navy has answered that attempt. Mr. Kurusu must have mad about the smashing of that big Italian convoy before he got to Midway; he must have seen that the Senate's amendments to the Neutrality Act are no gesture of desperation. He must have had access to reasonably reliable figures of the great reduction in the sinkings of British ships in the Atlantic. And today I hope he's heard that Britain has an air force at lease equal in size and numbers to the German. He only has to cast his mind back a year to reckon what that means in qualitative superiority. And above all I hope he's heard that of the completion for the British navy of four splendid new battleships and aircraft carriers. There may be two oceans in which Britain and America will have to fight, but there are two navies too, the biggest in the world - one might almost say the only ones in the world except the Japanese. It would be such a pity if that third navy got into the state of the one Italy once had - or if it were rusting on the bottom of the seas that stretch on every side of Midway Island;

Miss Pedrozo

News Talk. November 10th at 10.05

Naples, which has been blitzed six times in a week, had salt rubbed into its wounds on Sunday. Mussolini made a speech. To Neapolitans who called to see him at the Palazzo Venezia, he said that the sufferings of Naples deserve recognition. But you are tough, he told them.

Even if they're not tough, they'll have to take it. I wonder, however, just what words Mussolini will find to say to his sailors—the officers and men of the two ten thousand ton cruisers who on Sunday morning watched the sinking of nine supply ships and the flaming destruction of a tenth? There was a destroyer which went down too; probably with all hands, for the battle took place before daylight. A second destroyer escaped only by the skin of her teeth—if indeed she has escaped.

There's no doubt at all about the cruisers having escaped. They were on the spot to cover the rendezvous of two convoys bound for Libya, one of them consisting of eight vessels, and the other two, each with an escort of destroyers. The sudden appearance of the light cruisers Aurora and Penelope with the destroyers Lance and Lively was not on the agenda. Mussolini's two ten thousand tonners weren't ready for that sort of thing at all.

Like the Italian major who drew his sword and cut down a side street, both those cruisers have lived to run away another day. Exactly what happened to them is a mystery, for the full story of the engagement has still to be told. But they didn't put up a fight, that at least much is certain.

The exploit of Captain Agnew's little squadron is one of the most satisfying of all the many satisfactory brushes which the Royal Navy has enjoyed in the Mediterranean. In its way its even more satisfying than the battle of Matapan, for at Matapan we sank only three cruisers and two destroyers, with a fourth cruiser and a third destroyer probably sunk. That's a maximum of seven ships, but unfortunately all of them war ships. I think there's a very good case for arguing that the sinking of of an Italian supply ship is

like the Bismark is rusting on the bed of the Atlantic.

No, Mr. Kurusu's got to be prepared to lose a little face. He can be sure that by doing so they'll win back some of the respect they've been working so hard to lose these last ten years. And what's the alternative? Hara-kiri may be an honourable fate for an individual in Japan, but to commit your country to virtual extinction, to what Japanese propaganda so rightly calls strangling by the concerted opposition and disgust of three quarters of the population of the world; surely that's a worse, a less honourable fate than to commit them to keep the law and live in peace. A lot depends on you, Mr. Kurusu, and I hope you're working it all out on Midway Island. Goodnight.

a better bit of business than the sinking of a warship. Its harder to sink a warship, of course, because they're faster; they're not so easy to catch. On the other hand Mussolini can afford to lose warships, whereas he can't afford to lose supply vessels. Supply ships, after all, are useful.

So I wonder what Mussoline will say to the captains and crews of his ten thousand tonners?

A week ago Admiral Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet, estimated that from 35 to 40 per cent of all the Italian ships which try the Mediterranean passage, never reach North Africa. Sunday's sinkings bring the destruction to nearly a million tons, almost half of Italy's entire ocean carrying power. For the last two months these sinkings have averaged a ship a day, most of them through aerial action, others by submarines or surface craft. The submarines and aeroplanes take a steady toll; the surface ships bump up the average every now and again when they have the luck, as they did on Sunday, to intercept a fat convoy. I say luck because the readiness of our ships to take on odds that ought to be overwhelming goes for nothing without the little bit of good fortune necessary for the interception.

The passage across to the Libyan ports is only an all-night dash. First the Italians have the cover of their coast and minefields off the mainland, and then there is the shelter of Sicily to say nothing of the protection which ought to be given by the naval base at Pantellaria. So <u>luck</u> has to be on the side of skill and courage.

Actually, of course, the Italians <u>do</u> give their convoys all the protection they can. Destroyers, torpedo boats, motor boats, and flying boats are all called upon for escort duty, and very often there are twice as many escort ships as there are supply ships. The generosity of this sort of protection testifies not only to the tremendous importance which the Italians attach to reinforcing their troops in Libya, but it is also a tribute to the Royal Navy, and to the handful of Dutch, Greek and Yugoslavian torpedo boats and submarines which are working along with our own ships.

Recently three liners carrying troops had no fewer than six destroyers to escort them on the short trip from Sicily to Tripoli. A single British submarine undertook to attack, and it sank two of the transports and drove the third ashore. Not bad, for one submarine.

This loss of a ship a day for over two months must be telling very heavily. There is not only the loss of the cargo, so badly needed by the troops in Libya, but there's the ship itself, no longer available for the next trip as scheduled. And you must add to the million tons sunk in the Mediterranean, the half a million tons lost to Italy in neutral ports, mostly in the western hemisphere. In all, the Italians have had a fleet of three million tons roughly halved in eighteen months. There has been some replacement, but against that I've given you only the known figure of sinkings. Very likely the true figure is many thousand tons higher.

Italy's losses, again roughly, have been in about the same proportion. When Mussolini fell of the fence he had 61 destroyers. Captain Agnew's exploit ended in the sinking of the 30th of them. Ajax, which helped to corner the Graf Spee, accounted for three of them in one night. Half of Italy's battleships were put out of action at Taranto, and half of her cruisers have gone, including all four of the Pola class.

And so in the Mediterranean the Royal Navy is carrying out one of its traditional tasks. The harassing of Italy's sea communications is its second biggest job, second only to winning the battle of the Atlantic. When Italy rashly came in, we had only a scratch squadron of one or two battle cruisers, a single aircraft carrier and a few smaller ships. That was all we could muster when France collapsed and the entire burden of the Mediterranean fell on our shoulders.

Today obviously we have a powerful fleet there, perhaps not a large one in point of numbers, but at all events large enough and strong enough to keep Mussolini's navy in port, and to help send forty per cent of his supply vessels to the bottom.

10.05 NEWS TALK November 7th

Yesterday's two great speeches, by Stalin and President Roosevelt, in their way were complementary. Stalin laid stress on the Russian army's need for equipment, particularly tanks, anti-tank guns and aircraft; President Roosevelt, in an address that was devoted in part to a vision of after-the-war, called on American workers to make their full sacrifice now, and deliver their products to the battlefield.

Probably no passage in Stalin's speech to the Moscow Soviet will attract more attention than will his reference to Russia's shortage of tanks. The Russian army's tanks, he said, are of better quality than the German, and so are the tank crews. But Germany has several times the number now left to the Russian army.

You must have noticed in recent weeks that no longer do any of the reports from the front, Russian or German, speak of battles of massed tanks. That alone tells the tale of German numerical superiority. At the beginning, Russian armoured divisions fought the Nazis tank for tank, often in hundreds and sometimes in thousands. But the Russians lacked the reserves which Germany had. Above all the production of new tanks in the factories of western Russia fell to nothing when the Germans took city after city, and then threatened the industrial Don basin. The Nazis, on the other hand, have been able to call on the armaments industries of the occupied countries, notably the great Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, and lately the factories of France. There's not the least doubt that French heavy industry has made and is making a by no means negligible contribution to the rebuilding of Germany's armoured divisions.

Germany's numerical superiority in tanks quite naturally has compelled the Russian commanders to use their own armoured vehicles sparingly. This fact accounts for the change in tactics which has been obvious from the outset of the latest onslaught on Moscow. It also would appear likely that the Russians have withdrawn all but a skeleton force of tanks from the southern sectors, that is from the Ukraine, in order to be able to meet the Germans on something nearer level terms in the much more vital battle for Moscow.

Its no use pretending that the loss of Moscow would not be a very heavy blow. What the Germans themselves think of Moscow is clear enough from the ferocity of their attack. They have put everything into it; almost literally everything. Leningrad, the Ukraine and the Crimea, in all these other sectors the fighting has been subsidiary to the tremendous attack on Moscow.

The encouraging fact is that it is now well over a month since Hitler told his dupes that the final and greatest battle of all had begun, and was going according to plan. It is nearly a month since the German High Command claimed that over half a million prisoners had been taken at Vyzama and Bryansk, and that at last the high road to Moscow was open. Even after making every allowance for the usual fantasy in all German claims, the speed with which the Germans pushed up from Orel and Kaluga, and with which they reached Kalinin, north-east of Moscow, did seem to argue that the principal Russian resistance in the central sector was broken.

About the best that could be said was that the battle would not be decisive if Marshal Timoshenko could manage an orderly retreat from Moscow. It seemed that the Russian High Command must be thinking seriously of falling back from the capital, and taking up new positions behind the Volga, with their backs to the Urals.

But Marshal Timoshenko hasn't had to do this yet, and with every day that passes the possibility increases that the Russians may will have to abandon Moscow.

The weather is increasingly against the Germans. General Mud has helped to slow up the tanks and guns; General Winter himself now takes a hand in it. There has certainly been nothing in the recent news to indicate that Russian resistance outside Moscow is weakening, or that the Germans are in a position to divert to this central sector the extra weight which appears to be necessary if a quick decision is to be forced.

It is better, of course, not to be too optimistic. But it is a fact that there has been no substantial change outside Moscow in the last ten days. Tula and Kalinin, which mark the flanks of the attack, are still in dispute, and in at least one sub-sector the Russians have ...

Russians have not only been able to counter-attack, but have done so with some success.

In his speech Stalin said very little as to the actual progress of the war. That was quite natural. He could hardly have done so without giving away vital information. But read his speech carefully, and you'll find behind the heroics a quiet assurance, a solid confidence in the Russian army, air force and navy, and above all, in the Russian people, which rests on the best of all foundations—the stern test of twenty weeks of battle.

The Germans are hammering against steel. And what is going on now recalls the campaign of 1915. Badly equipped when the first world war started, the Russians were practically knocked out in the first year of the conflict. Then, just as now, their losses were enormous, and so were the losses they managed to inflict on the enemy. Grievous as their casualties were, however, they were able to assume the offensive in 1916 after we had rearmed them. And they reorganised to such purpose that even so stupendous a casualty rate as 800,000 men in a ten weeks campaign failed to beat Brusilov back from his summer objective.

One can only guess at what will happen now. The German army has proved itself to possess a greater stamina than it was given credit for, and it may be that still another ferocious drive is in the making. Yet with every hour that passes, the chance dwindles of Hitler's legions being able to spend the winter in Moscow.

To return to the matter of supplies, it is obvious that nothing which can be done now will seriously influence the operations already in progress. The tanks which British workers are turning out for Russia, and the thousand million dollar aid which America is lending, can make no difference until the spring. Then, this Anglo-American assistance may well be vital.

There is only one way by which German arms production can be overtaken. R.A.F. bombing can reduce the output of Nazi war factories, and doubtless will do so throughout the winter, but it is the positive effort of vastly increased production in Britain and America which counts in the end.

This may be less dramatic, less spectacular, than a landing on the coast of Europe, but it is of much more value. That second front on land of which Stalin spoke will be created in due course; it will have to be if Nazism is going to be crushed completely, but it would be senseless to attempt invasion in the present circumstances. The Russians are not in such straits as to justify the gamble. For that matter, neither is Western Europe the only place where we can open this second front. In fact its the least likely place of all.

News talk 10.05 p.m. Novr. 4th.

Six hundred fully trained and experienced airmen of the R.A.F., who could ill have been spared, have been saved from the seas around Britain during the last few months, and now many are back on duty with their squadrons. Britain owes their continued service, and the men their lives, to the air sea rescue service. ~~Wing Commander I.V. Fraser gives new details of this remarkable organisation and its expansion into almost every sphere of the air war.~~ The majority of airmen rescued by the air sea rescue service are pilots. Others are observers, wireless operators and air gunners. Not only are British crews rescued, but the same mercy is extended to Germans brought down in action. The organisation works in equal co-operation with the R.A.F. Coastal Command and the Royal Navy, and today its life lines stretch many miles seawards all round the British Isles, ~~and they~~ even reach as far as the Mediterranean and the Far East. This is what a senior officer of the service said:- "Our aim is to provide the best chance of rescue we can for any R.A.F. man in what ever part of the world he may be forced down at sea."

Most of the rescue work at present takes place in the English Channel and the North Sea. Sometimes fighter pilots are hauled into the launch after only fifteen or twenty minutes "in the drink." There have been other cases where crews have drifted for days in dinghies while aircraft and launches have searched for them. The record is held by a Bomber crew ~~where aircraft~~ who were adrift for nine days before being brought back to safety. When pilots and air crews are picked up in roughly the British half of the English Channel, or the North Sea, then there is usually no molestation by German aircraft, but if they rescue ships across into the "Tom Tiddlers ground" of enemy waters, even though for the purpose of saving German crews, then they run the gauntlet of an attack.

In the case of aircraft which are forced down out of sight of land, the rescue organisation must depend on radio bearings and charts to fix a probable position. Sometimes no more is known than that a plane has disappeared somewhere at sea. Though a bright coloured flare

orange the dinghy is a tiny object. It is difficult enough to find when good visibility is good. But when the waves are high and rain or low cloud obscures the sea, the searchers have a nerve wracking job. It is a much simpler matter when the watchers on shore see aircraft come down or an airman baled out.

Day and night, members of the Royal Observer Corps Coast Guards and Police stand on watch along the coast. Some of them are stationed on the cliff tops; others keep vigil over long stretches of deserted beaches. Reinforcing them the British public readily responds to any and every appeal for co-operation. Anyone can and does help. If an aircraft or a parachute is seen going down at sea then it is a matter of a few moments before the police or the coast guards are told.

When a fighter pilot bales out he takes with him his oneman dinghy. This is packed into a container measuring fifteen inches by fourteen inches and three inches deep. He uses it as a seat cushion while flying, and it is attached to him by a landyard so that he can't lose it. Packed with are hand paddles, signalling apparatus and a sea anchor to prevent the dinghy drifting too far away from the spot where the airmen landed.

The bombers have dinghies large enough to carry naturally an entire crew. Some types are automatically inflated as soon as the aircraft strikes the water and others must be thrown out by the crew on alighting when the dinghy inflates. In a few moments --- if all all goes well --- the fighter pilot or bomber crew are well aboard waiting for something to turn up.

Meanwhile, the air sea rescue service is snapping into speedy operation. Messages flash through to the R.A.F. and the Navy. At certain aerodromes aircraft known as air sea rescue aircraft are kept warmed up ready to take off within a few minutes. The planes carry specially equipped dinghies and supplies compressed meat extract, chocolate, rum and water. There is one absolute rule. Once the dinghy is sighted it must never again be lost to sight. So a rescue aircraft which has spotted a dinghy circles it continually

sending radio bearings, never to leave it until a relieve aircraft appears or the men have been picked up.

Simultaneously, with the take-off of the r escue aircraft a boat puts out from the nearest base. A lion share of the rescues is done by the Royal Navy. The Navy uses various fast small craft, numerous trawlers and drifters, destroyers, cruisers, in fact anything which may happen to be near at the time. Stealing out before dawn, showing no lights, crossing a choppy harbour bar on a cold stormy night, this may be a prelude to a long searvh lasting until darkness comes again. There have been cases where launches have stayed at sea for two or three days. The motion for travelling all-out in the highspeed R.A.F. launch is a test for the hardiest. These light craft are sixty-four feet long and are driven at forty knots by three fivehundred horse power aeroengines. They bounce from one wave crest to another wave ~~xxxxx~~ crest. The crews have developed a knack of holding on like rough riders on bucking horses. The air sea rescue service is a young organisation but its records is very impressive. It has an unofficial motto ~~xxxxx~~ "A life saved is a life gained.

The French are now for the first time talking openly against Marshal Petain who, consequently, is losing the almost saintly sway over the Republic which gained him office.

The French papers carry reports daily of s entences passed on Frenchmen, not for voicing distrust of the Germans, which is the usual crime of that nature, but of the venerable Marshal.

Largely responsible for the new swing in opinion is de Jean, the National Commissioner for Foreign Affairs for Free France. He has exposed Petain's policy from the early days when Petain was French Ambassador in Madrid until he began to flirt with Laval and climbed tremblingly to the "throne" of France.

De Jean reports: "I had an interview with one of our agents who had just returned from Spain. He told me that Petain was the centre of defeatist activities in Madrid of people who favoured signing a separate peace with the Axis Powers".

De Jean says he at once sought out Daladier and told him this story, saying he was astonished and incredulous.

"Does that surprise you?" said Daladier revealingly: "Don't you know about Petain? I personally can never sleep quietly when the Marshal is in Paris".

Daladier kept to this attitude. He refused all recommendations to recall Petain from Madrid although Petain was adopting in Spain a policy directly opposing the Government's. But that was the less evil. Daladier thought it dangerous to have the Marshal back in France.

After the capitulation in 1940, as de Jean was passing through Madrid, he was told authoritatively that Petain had been closely in touch with Laval since the autumn of 1939.

Copy

Return to Newsroom

November 3rd. 1941

News talk. 10.05 p.m. by Robert Allington.

German women and children and any men who wish to go are to be evacuated from Japan almost immediately. This news which has just leaked out of Japan, is not very surprising to people who have been in Japan in recent ~~months~~ weeks, and who have been witnesses of the arrogant behaviour of German ~~nationals~~ who were given a refuge ~~in Japan~~ there after evacuation from America and from the Netherlands East Indies.

There were about a thousand altogether, four hundred from America, and six hundred from the Dutch East Indies. Most of those who came from the Dutch East Indies were women and children, the wives and families of Germans who have been interned there as enemy subjects. Those from the Americas ~~were~~ are almost exclusively men. Among them are fifth columnists and agents who have been added to the payroll of the German Ambassador, General Eugene Ott, who is gradually eating into the control of Japan's key departments and war industries.

Originally Japan was to have been only a stopping-off place for these evacuees. As opportunity offered, they were to be shipped home to Germany through Russia. But the German invasion of Russia closed the trans-Siberian railway. So the German Embassy asked that they should be given a home in Japan until the war was over, or until the Russians collapsed.

There were some in Japan who believed that it would be only a few weeks before the trans-Siberian railway would be open again. It was for this reason they didn't mind welcoming the Germans as their honoured guests. But right from the beginning, the Japanese authorities were worried about the problems of accommodation and feeding. European food was short enough in Japan already. But when more than a thousand lusty Germans were added to the population, and when they were in a position through the influence of their Embassy to demand the best of everything and plenty of it, the problem became much worse.

One Japanese newspaper frankly pointed out [redacted] when the evacuees arrived that to house, feed and clothe this new community of a thousand Germans was no small matter. Added to the difficulty, said the paper, was the fact that European and Japanese food are altogether different things. Whereas Japanese food has remained at a comparatively low price level, European food has seen a considerable rise. The living expenses of these refugees, the paper went on, average ¥7 a day, which is equal to the total expenses of a Japanese middle class family. The paper figured that it was going to cost a million Yen every five months and that this fairly big bill for board would have to be borne by the relatively small German community, so that in the long run a serious situation was bound to arise. But for the time being, the paper said, the bulk of these expenses would be borne by the German authorities, ~~reportedly~~ they would use funds accumulated in Japan since the introduction of regulations prohibiting the transfer abroad of the commercial profits of foreign firms. It was understood that the refugees would repay the Embassy when ~~they~~ in a position to do so.

~~But~~ the German nationals were given the best of everything ... they were housed in the best hotels, provided with plenty of the best food, given servants, allowed to buy what clothes they fancied. Altogether they were treated very generously by General Ott, who no doubt was on the look-out for recruits for his Nazi fifth column, and they were also treated very kindly by the Japanese, who wanted to impress the Germans with their belief in the Tripartite Pact.

There were some misgivings right from the start, however, as can be detected in the comments from the Japanese journal I have just quoted. Now the Japanese had made a great deal of the refugees' allegations about the way they had been treated in the Dutch East Indies. But when, after being given the best of everything in impoverished Japan, the refugees still complained that they were not being treated properly,

the Japanese were not so sure that the allegations were well based.

Actually, the Japanese were much too generous. They placed at the disposal of their German guests hotels in the best summer resorts. Everywhere the Germans behaved badly; they showed very little gratitude for the money that was being spent on them. Finally, at the end of the summer, General Ott quartered most of the refugees on Germans whose homes are in Japan, paying the hosts an allowance for food. Still they continued to behave badly, annoying both the Japanese authorities and the German Embassy. Now that it has been decided to ship them out of the country, there ought to be relief in both quarters.

So the Nazi women and children will go to Germany -- or as near to Germany as they can get -- while the Japanese will be left to do their own grumbling.

It would seem that this grumbling is on the increase. On the Tokyo radio last night a government representative lectured the nation for its lack of patriotism in not putting up with shortages a bit more cheerfully. The Japanese used to be famed for their smile; nowadays the best they can manage is a sour grin.

One wonders how long it can last. Once upon a time the government's principal trouble was how to keep up the price of rice. Now its how to keep it down. Once able to grow all the rice the country needed, the farmers today can't grow anywhere near enough. There is the same amount of land in cultivation, perhaps even more, but the shortage of fertiliser has broken down the modern system of intensive cultivation. As any farmer anywhere knows, you can't get more out of the land than you put into it.

The result in Japan is that the rice harvest has gone down [redacted] in quantity as well as quality. There is also less wheat, less barley and less rye, while the sweet potato crop is being purloined for the distillation of alcohol.

As for vegetables and fish, the main difficulty seems to be the dislocation of the transportation system owing to the lack of petrol.

Finally there's the meat shortage. The Japanese don't eat a lot of meat, but they like a bite or two every now and again, and they're just beginning to find out that a great deal of the meat they get at the butcher's nowadays is chopped up dog and cat. The Japanese are very fond of dogs and cats -- but not as a meal.

However, these stories of privation which recent evacuees from Japan have brought us shouldn't be allowed to engender the idea that the Japanese are in no fit state to begin another war. They're certainly a long way removed from the starvation line; in fact its true to say that Japan can never be starved out.

The real point in all this is that the chemicals which should go into the land are going into munitions, and the petrol which should take the fishing boats out to sea instead is taking bombers over Chungking. Drugged and doped as he is by propaganda, the ordinary Japanese may one day wake up to what has been happening.

E.M.T.E.

News talk. October 30th, at 10.05. Robert Allington 1 copy

Reports of fresh ~~xx~~ reinforcements for the Japanese army in Indo-China are becoming too frequent and too circumstantial ~~for them~~ to be treated other than seriously. Its/~~very~~ quite likely that ~~xx~~ there's some confusion about the/number, but ~~[redacted]~~ there's very little doubt that ~~this number~~/the figure is substantial, and there's very little doubt also that the Japanese are sending in ~~large quantities of~~ for large to be ammunition and military stores ~~quite in~~consistent with ordinary garrison needs. After all, nobody is threatening Indo-China, not even the Chinese, although they're supposed to have a fairly strong force on the Yunnan side of the border.

The natural suspicion then, is that the Japamese intend starting something themselves. They're not sending fifty transports down the China coast for nothing, nor are they moving men to the Thai frontier just for the fun of the thing.

Of course it is difficult at this stage to guess what Japan's plan really are. I rather think, however, that it isn't Thailand which occupies first ~~p~~ attention, but the Burma Road.

If you look at the map, you'll see, ~~that~~ 200 miles inside Yunnan, the city of Kunming. Or perhaps its called Yunan-fu, on your map, the old name for the same town.

Now Kunming is on the Burma Road. ~~From Kunming~~ The road runs eastwards from the border of Burma, and at Kunming it turns northwards to Chungking.

Only 200 miles to go. Think of the temptation.

~~The Burma road~~

For nearly two years the Burma road has been China's salvation. Along it has gone nearly all the war material, ~~x~~ the guns, the petrol, and all the other commodities necessary for an army. ~~which~~ There has been a trickle from Russia along the vast land route to Sian, but a great deal even of the ~~Russian~~ material which Russia has supplied to Chungking has gone all the way round by sea to Rangoon, and then up by railway to Lashio and ~~thence along~~ over the Burma Road. Its no exaggeration to say that without the Burma road Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek could not have continued China's struggle against the Japanese.

And the road is becoming increasingly ~~more~~ vital. ~~John Earle Baker~~ the last six months the traffic along it has ~~been~~ increased three hundred

hundred per cent. The volume of war goods has been trebled since November last, when the road was re-opened, improved and reconditioned after the autumn rains. But this isn't the end of the improvement. American engineers have just returned to Washington after a detailed survey of the entire transportation system. And they have reported that it will be easily possible to increase the traffic another four-fold. There are other ways in which the flow of goods to China via Burma can be facilitated, but the Burma road itself can be made to carry twelve times the vital amount which was getting through only six months ago.

You can see what this would mean to China--and Japan. If the Japanese army and air force between them can't cut the Burma road, then goodbye to victory. Even the Japanese themselves are beginning to realise that.

Perhaps they realised it as long as twelve months ago, when they won their first practically bloodless victory over the colonial authorities of Indo-China. At that time the Japanese had been engaged in operations in South China, in the Nanning area through which a certain amount of petrol and munitions had been reaching the Chinese from Indo-China. The Japanese and possibly decided that it would be more economical, less dangerous, to stop this traffic from the Indo-China side of the frontier.

This they managed to do, and in addition they helped themselves to the railway which runs up to the Yunnan border, and also to a couple of aerodromes within easy bombing range of the Burma road.

For twelve months, on and off, the Japanese have bombed the road. But they haven't been able to block it for more than a few hours or a few days at a time. Though the Chinese lack anti-aircraft guns and fighter planes, they have managed to keep the road open. The great bridge over the Mekong river was bombed and repaired, bombed and repaired, and then bombed and destroyed, but still the goods for Chungking have got across, and on the Kunming.

So only the hard way is left. If the Japanese are to cut the Burma road, they must do it overland from Indo-China.

As I have said, the distance is only 200 miles, It sounds easy--

(200 miles from a railhead.

unless you happen to know the country. Unfortunately for the Japanese its just about the worst bit of country in the world.

Its true that ~~xxxxxxxx~~ until a year ago there used to be a railway from Laos to Kunming, and obviously if it was possible to build a railway, then its possible to march a column of troops across the same route. The railway itself has been completely destroyed; the bridges wrecked and the lines taken up, carried hundreds of miles away, and laid down again as a new track.

But you mustn't forget that building the railway to Kunming cost not only millions of dollars, but thousands of lives. Its malaria country, swamp country, mountain country, every kind of sub-tropical country rolled into one, and as ~~far as is known~~ there is only the one way across it--the old railway route.

~~To attempt to push an army down the road to Kunming if the Japanese~~

~~xx~~ And in trying to get to ~~Kunming~~ Kunming, the Japanese will have to leave their tanks behind. They ~~will~~ won't be able to drag their heavy guns along; in short, they'll have to fight the Chinese on more or less level terms except for the not unimportant factor of air supremacy. Even that, however, won't count for anywhere near as much as it generally does.

The Chinese would have a better chance of smashing the Japanese in the Yunnan mountains than anywhere else in China.

But I don't think one should paint too ~~glowing a picture of China's~~ rosey a picture. The Japanese are not inexperienced campaigners, and bad as their plight is, they're not likely to take on a job such as this without the most careful preparation, and without a full realisation of the risks they'll be running.

And don't forget that if ~~they~~ pull it off, they would be nearer to ending the war in China than at any time since the capture of Nanking nearly four years ago. So if they try the job at all, they won't fool about with half-measures.

Our own interest in this surely doesn't need any pointing out. ~~The Japanese are doing a good job for the Japanese~~ Not though they are not yet active allies of Nazi Germany, the Japanese are nevertheless doing the Germans yeoman service by forcing both ourselves and the Russians to keep in the Far East large forces which could otherwise be helping to stem the tide of battle in Europe. And the Chinese, who are not yet

active allies, are doing quite as much for us by tieing the Japanese down in China. The cutting of the Burma Road and the fall of Chungking would be worse news for us than the fall of Moscow.

News talk. October 28th. By Patrick Walton

Its happened again. Somewhere off the map, on Russia's land frontier with Manchuria, the Japanese and Russians have traded shots. Last Thursday a Japanese patrol made its way across the border, raided a Russian outpost, and then scampered back, leaving a rifle or two behind.

That's the story as told in Moscow. In Tokyo they say the incident never happened at all. There was no raiding patrol, there were no shots.

But the denial won't go go down with those who know this troublesome border, or anything of the several hundred raids which one side or the other has made across it.

The Japanese have more than once denied crossing the border, only to be asked at least to return and collect their dead.

Manchuria, puppet Japanese state, is ruled by the Kwantung Garrison, and garrison headquarters doesn't always see fit to let the War Office in Tokyo know what goes on along and across the border.

Or perhaps the garrison hasn't a staff large enough to keep up with the correspondence. There have been long periods when these raids have averaged one a day. Sometimes they have been mere midnight excursions, ended by a sentry's warning shot. More often they have been regular skirmishes, with a battery of artillery joining in. And sometimes they have been battles, spread over several days.

Four times in all these battles have developed into sustained campaigns, in the biggest of which -- the Nomonhan affair of 1939 -- the Japanese officially admitted to 18,000 casualties.

I was near one such battle in April of 1938 on the Chahar frontier of Inner Mongolia. Japanese residents in the border area moved South, truck loads of troops continually passed the temple where I was staying, rumours flew by magic about the unpopulated steppe. I waited for three days for the Russians to march the fifty miles from the border to where I was staying. When they did not come I thought no more about the incident until over a year later in an English press-cutting library I found a ~~xiflx~~ file from a newspaper of the appropriate date I found a message saying that Outer Mongolian soldiers had attacked Abaga in Central Chahar and kidnapped

three Japanese who later escaped.

Nomonhan might well have ended just like that -- in a couple of casualties and a paragraph in the papers. The origins of the incident were trivial enough, just as last week's episode seems trivial. At Nomonhan there is a well. And in the arid half-desert country of Mongolia a well is important -- a gathering place for the watering of herds and for the meeting of the herdsmen. For many years -- from a time long before Japan or Russia took any interest in their affairs -- the Mongols had been in the habit of holding regular little get-togethers, by this well sort of fairs for the exchange of goods and gossip. And when the Japanese and Russians did move into the surrounding areas, for a long time they didn't bother about this frontier meeting although it was attended by Mongols from both sides of the border. They contented themselves with sending a few spies along to see what they could find out about the other fellow's territor And then one fine day in 1939, somebody sat on his high horse and said: "this territory is ours. You chaps can't come bringing your horses and yourselves over the border into our country just as and when you think you will." And there was a fight. But even at that stage there was no reason why the thing should develop into a major battle. But develop it did. And nobody yet knows why -- though it's been suggested that the Russians had the idea of finding out just what this much vaunted Kwantung army was worth in a scrap. As you know even the Japanese had to admit afterwards that the answer was -- not much.

At Nomonhan the Japanese had a fearful lacing. Officially they won a famous victory, but the casualty roll told a far different story. The Japanese may have had the better of the early fighting, but they simply weren't in it when the Russians brought up an armoured brigade and some of their best fighting planes and bombers. Tokyo's generals, of course, knew what really happened, and no doubt the memory of this defeat has played a part in recent weeks in the hesitation of the Japanese to comply with Nazi urgings. The Nazis would like them to cross the Russian border in earnest, but as long as the Russian Far Eastern army is not denuded for service in Europe, the Japanese may

well continue to hesitate.

Its a likely assumption, as Moscow suggests, that last week's raid was to find out whether there have been any withdrawals from the Maritime Provinces. Soldiers gossip, like everyone else, and this 3,000 mile frontier across north Asia and down through Mongolia must nowadays be the world's longest whispering gallery. If the raiding party could have returned with a few prisoners, then the Japanese might have been in a position to learn something.

All this, however, doesn't help us to estimate just what the raid really means. Is it the forerunner of other and bigger forays? Will the Russians carry out a raid of their own in reprisal? They've always been good at reprisals across the Manchurian frontier. There was, for instance, the case of the apposite apology. Japanese aircraft had flown into Russia, and when Moscow protested Tokyo apologised, explaining that unfortunately a storm had forced them off their course. A week later Tokyo got an apology from Moscow. The Russians regretted that a storm had driven six of their aeroplanes off their course, thus forcing them to fly into Manchuria. Tokyo was mystified, but not for long. Three hours after receipt of the apology, the aeroplanes duly flew over -- all on a calm and breathless summer's day.

We shall soon learn whether this new Japanese raid is the beginning of real business or not.

The Russians, at any rate, are making no bones about the incident. They've given us the news, and put the onus on Japan. Its a little remarkable that Tokyo hasn't produced its own version of the raid, and this would seem to suggest that Japan doesn't yet feel ready to strike -- at least not in the north. Tokyo is not merely playing the incident down, but is denying that it ever happened. That's hardly the attitude the Japanese would take if they were ready to start something big up there just now. Or can it be that Tojo's boys haven't yet made up their minds which way they're pointing.

Broadcast on Oct. 27th at 10.05 p.m.

By Leonard Mosley

Fourteen months of watching the campaigns in the Middle East has taught me two lessons above everything else about the art of modern war. You can't hope to wage one successfully unless you have first enough planes, and second enough landing grounds from which to operate them. Those of us who were in Greece saw what can happen to an army, gallant and brave though it may be, when the air force sent to protect it is outnumbered ten to one by that of the enemy. And those of us who were later in Crete saw what can happen to an air force when it has insufficient bases from which to fight.

Planes and landing grounds. Without them a modern army is practically helpless.

And so when I arrived in Singapore my first questions were about planes and landing grounds. Some confidential figures shown to me soon convinced me that as far as planes were concerned we are more than a match for anything the Japanese can put up in this part of the world. But about landing grounds there was much less information available. "We think we have enough facilities to take care of any situation that may crop up," they said. I replied that I was sceptical about that. "You have some of the thickest jungle and worst swampland in the world. It's impossible country. That's where you'll need your aerodromes but you can't build them in country like that. Or can you?

They grinned at me. "Well, it's all very secret," they said, "but the only thing we can suggest is that you go and have a look at things for yourself." And they telephoned me next morning to say that a plane would be waiting on Seletar aerodrome at dawn the following day. "You're going on an air tour of Malaya -- just to make you a little less sceptical. Have a good ~~xip~~ trip."

I not only had a good trip. I had an impressive one too. And back today, after nearly two thousand miles of continuous travel, I bring you the amazing story of Malaya's secret airbases, the amazing

story of how a courageous group of men have torn up the jungle and built frontline airfields for the planes of the R.A.F. among some of the toughest country in the world.

In nearly twenty different places in Northern Malaya these airfields are complete and ready for action. At many of them fighters, bombers and reconnaissance planes are already stationed -- waiting there for the war that seems to be looming -- waiting among the rubber trees near the west coast, among the swamps and towering peaks of central Malaya, and among the palmtrees and tangled jungles along the eastern shores for the first sign of enemy troops, planes or ships.

Yes, the British and Australian air forces are there with powerful British and American planes, and they're itching for action.

And more air fields are being built. Everywhere I went coolies by the thousand were labouring in the jungle, and giant bulldozers were tearing up massive trees by their roots and hacking out landing space from tangled masses of trees and shrubs. In most places work was going on all through the rain and heat of the day and then, by acetylene flares, on through the night. For though we already have large numbers of airbases in Malaya's frontline zone, Singapore's defence chiefs feel that more are needed, and with Tokyo rattling the sabre and preparing for war the time is short and the need may be urgent. So work never stops. No holidays up there. No week-end breaks, either for the sweating coolies or the men of the air ministry works department who are directing their labours.

I've deliberately called these airfields of ours "secret." They are secret. There are many details about them that I'm pledged not to give. Their exact location among the rubber trees and the jungle is not for publication. And not only that. They're "secret" in that, so well are they ~~mmmmf~~ camouflaged, they're extremely hard to find both from the ground and from the air.

You can drive down a jungle road within fifty yards of a landing ground and fail to see it. And from the air ingenious disguise makes them so well concealed that one squadron leader remarked to me: "Talk about the Japanese having trouble finding this field! Why, I often can't find it myself, and I live here!"

You understand what he means when you approach one from the air. We were flying from an airfield near Penang a few days ago. We were bound for a certain landing base and only the commander of our flight of planes had been there before. At five thousand feet we sped over the rolling, forest cloaked mountains, sometimes diving low so I could see the sort of swamps they get in this part of the world, sometimes climbing high to dodge the gusty monsoon wind. And suddenly the observer said: "We should be about there," and the pilot pushed the stick forward, began to go down, and said: "There she is."

I looked down but I couldn't see an airfield. There was a rough shaped clearing in the forest below us, that was all, with a glint on it that betrayed it as a stretch of paid fields. There were a few native huts peeping from the fringes of the trees. But no airfield. And yet still we went down -- down from five thousand to a hundred feet, and then in for a landing. And it was only in the last few feet that I saw that the clearing was our airbase, that the padi fields were in reality cleverly disguised strips of painted tarmac, and that the native huts were hangars, dumps and R.A.F. quarters.

I spent a lot of time going over that secret airbase. It was typical of most of the others I saw. Only a few months ago it was nothing but primary jungle, the sort of stuff that houses those beastly reptiles and peculiar animals they've lately been showing me at Raffles Museum. And then the crisis came. Japan moved into Indo China and made threatening gestures towards Malaya. And on orders from Singapore, air ministry works experts and men of the Malayan public works departments moved in. Out of that primary jungle they miraculously hacked an aerodrome. They sent coolies into the under-growth to chop down the tendrils and to build roads. When the roads

were built they brought in bulldozers that bit their steel teeth into the forest trees and hauled them out by their roots. They followed them with machines that shaved the ground smooth, planed hillocks flat and filled in swamps and ditches; and then, while huts and hangars went up among the trees, tarmac was laid over the landing space --- strips of it wide and long enough to take the heaviest bombers made today. And that airfield, so short a time ago steaming jungle, is more modern and as well equipped now as a Heston or Schiphol or Tempelhof.

It guards vital defensive positions in Malaya, and is an admirable base for offensive operations against an attacking enemy. Its fighter and bomber planes, carefully hidden in the forest, are tuned up and ready for action at a moment's notice, and its pilots and crews --- many of them fresh from the battles of Britain and Germany --- are rarin' to go. They don't like the jungle. It's dark and gloomy and uncomfotably sticky after the cool breezes over the Channel. They'd like nothing better than action --- and they're ready for it the moment they're needed.

So are the boys at all the other stations. All over the Peninsula, among the rubber or the swamps on the jungle, they are waiting at our secret bases for the moment when they are needed. And needed they may well be before long. But there is one good thing you can feel happy about. If the time does come, there will be no Greece here and no Crete. I am certain of that after my tour. We have the planes and we have the landing grounds --- and we have them in vital jungle positions where, until I saw this miracle happening, I would certainly never have expected to find them.